VOLUME LV CHICAGO, AUGUST 3, 1905. NUMBER 23

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

My love must be as free
As is the eagle's wing,
Hovering o'er land and sea
And everything.

I must not dim my eye
In thy saloon,
I must not leave my sky
And nightly moon.

Be not the fowler's net
Which stays my flight,
And craftily is set
T' allure the sight.

But be the favoring gale
That bears me on,
And still doth fill my sail
When thou art gone.

I cannot leave my sky
For thy caprice,
True love would soar as high
As heaven is.

The eagle would not brook
Her mate thus won,
Who trained his eye to look
Beneath the sun.

—Thoreau.

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The Tower Hill Summer School

July 15--August 20, 1905

Religions of the Elder World
JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Hindu Epics . . . . ANNE B. MITCHELL

Making an Anthology of English Poetry
JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Birds and Hunting With a Camera
REV. RETT E. OLMSTEAD

Insect Life on the Hill . . T. LLOYD JONES

Ferns and Flowers . . ROSALIA HATHERELL

FOR TERMS, BOARD, &c.,

Address

MRS. EDITH LACKERSTEEN
SPRING GREEN WISCONSIN

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1905. NUMBER 23

Ever upon this stage,
Is acted God's calm annual drama,
Gorgeous processions, songs of birds,
Sunrise that fullest feeds and freshens most the soul,
The heaving sea, the waves upon the shore, the musical, strong waves,
The woods, the stalwart trees, the slender, tapering trees,
The liliput countless armies of the grass,
The heat, the showers, the measureless pasturages,
The scenery of the shores, the winds' free orchestra,
The stretching light-hung roof of clouds, the clear cerulean of the silvery fringes,
The high dilating stars, the placid beckoning stars,
The moving flocks and herds, the plains and emerald meadows,
The shows of all the varied lands and all the growths and products. **—Walt Whitman.**

"Bob," a Chicago collie, does not like to spend his vacation in the country. After a few weeks of country boarding he disappeared from South Haven, Michigan, and after two weeks of disappearance walked into his old home at Austin, a Chicago suburb, having traveled somehow the intervening 178 miles. There is something very human in all this. Was it not Ouida who said "The more I know of dogs the less I care for men?"

The Universalist Leader contains an account by one of the missionaries of that church to Japan, of the fire-walking miracles of the Japanese priests; for "two yen and upward" you may see bare-footed priests run through beds of hot coals—carefully pounded to ashes in the middle, salted and rendered harmless. It seems to be, for the most part, foreigners who pay the "two yen and upwards." The natives have outgrown "miracles." D.

Governor Cummins of Iowa, in a recent Chautauqua address, has set a high mark for other public officials and proved himself a worthy contemporary of La-Follette, Folk, Douglas, Johnson and such other governors as are able to put themselves above and outside of their party interests and personal ambitions. The Iowa Governor pleads for a return of the reign of the common people. He said, "We need in this hour, more than ever before, a new baptism in civic righteousness, in public honesty, in the patriotism of peace, in the courage to say what we believe to be true and to do what we believe to be right."

The recent unaccountable catastrophe in San Diego Bay is one more of the many evidences of the delusive character of the modern battle ship. Here is a contrivance costing many, many millions of dollars, trusted as an invincible guardian of our national borders, without provocation and without explanation flying into splinters and practically hurling into death or a helplessness worse than death the bigger part of its crew. It seems hardly possible for one of these devil ships to make a manoeuver however pacific without a serious menace to life and property. "Put not your confidence in the legs of a horse," said the old statesman of the Psalms. A modern improvement of the text which we commend to the wise men of congress might be—"Put not your confidence in floating fortresses; trust not in the strength of your iron boats."

UNITY sympathizes deeply with the battle which Governor Folk is so heroically waging in the interest of the closed Sunday in St. Louis. Not on theological grounds do we believe that the best interests of the community demand the closing of the saloons at least one day in seven, in city and in country, but on sociological grounds and for economic reasons. Sunday is a day of extra temptations. The very fact that the saloon must be licensed indicates that it is a temptation and it is wise to suppress it altogether at such times when its power for evil is at its maximum. This does not mean that men may not drink beer as they eat meat on Sunday if they like, but it does mean that they shall get the one as they do the other—at times and in ways that will least menace the rest of the day, the civic Sunday, which has proved to be such a mighty factor in economic prosperity and social progress. Let those who must drink beer on Sunday provide themselves with it in some way that will allow the law to have its course with the resorts of dissipation which everywhere and always are a menace to respectable living and good citizenship.

The long arm exigencies of our mid-summer editorial work are responsible for this belated word of appreciation and respect for the Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, who passed out of this life on the 30th of June in a New York hospital. So vigorous seemed Miss Chapin when last we saw her that we were not prepared to think of a rounded life, and still it was given her to fill out the three score and ten, 46 years of which were spent in the public ministry of the Universalist church. She was indeed a pioneer in faith and in practice, one of the earliest of the women preachers. She won an enviable position in her profession, was the first woman in the world to receive the honorary degree of "D.D.," a title she well earned

by her conspicuous service to the Parliament of Religions as well as in many other ways. She was a prominent leader in societies distinctly feminine, but her triumph not as a woman but as a citizen, a soul in earnest, proves that the broadest field for women as well as her highest honors lie beyond and above sex as well as sect lines. Miss Chapin had a wide and a useful ministry and she leaves behind her a multitude who can honestly say, "Through thee we have been blessed, thou blessed shepherd of souls!"

It is seldom given in these days for a man to win both an honorable record as a minister and at the same time to render high service to his country in legislative halls, but such was the lot of Dr. Aaron Norden, whose sudden death came as a great shock to the many friends of civil service in Illinois as well as to his family and a large circle of former parishioners. Dr. Norden was for 28 years a Rabbi of the Jewish congregation on the North Side in Chicago. Since he retired and became Pastor Emeritus he worthily represented at Springfield one of the most influential senatorial districts in the city of Chicago. As chairman of the civil service committee and father of the new civil service law he was widely known and respected throughout the state. To all appearances he had a long term of usefulness still in store for him, but was suddenly smitten at the home of his son in Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin. In the old days of this republic the minister was a logical candidate for legislative responsibilities. Dr. Norden has proven that the rule is still a good one. As the "ward-heeler" and "bosses" are retired, the intelligent minister, who perforce is a student of social problems and civic interests, will again be called into the councils of the nation. Dr. Norden was a gentleman, a public spirited citizen, a broad-minded man, an Americanized Jew whose race consciousness blended with his patriotism and made it more intense and effective.

A Great Humbug When Not A Great Wrong.

Norman Hapgood, Editor of *Collier's Weekly,* has sharpened his pencil so as to make war on the advertising frauds. In the issue of July 8th of his paper there is a telling double page arraignment entitled, "Criminal newspaper alliances with fraud and poison." In this article he mercilessly exposes the dangerous frauds of patent medicines which live upon the cupidity of the public, and their exploitation is made possible by the generous way in which the newspapers and journals of every stamp throw open their pages to these oft-convicted humbugs for purely money considerations.

The double page in question is bordered dramatically by facsimile reproductions taken from the standard newspapers in the country, such as the *Boston Globe, St. Louis Democrat, New York Sun, New York World, New York Herald,* etc. These reproductions show men and women who have been "saved by Peruna," the man with an aching back who is being relieved by "Warner's Safe Cure," here we are told of the "Radium Radii" that cures rheumatism, the women who are made strong by "Lydia Pinkham's Compound," the thousands who are made fat by "Swamp Root," the "Cancer Cure All," "Eye Tonics," etc., etc.

It is too bad that it should be left for the newspaper to take up the blade that is to a great extent to cut its own throat, while the medical profession, the clergy, the college professor and the legislators of state and nation sit supinely by.

Patent medicines are, of course, the crowning fraud in the advertising world. They are a clear imposition on the public when they are not something worse; but the crime of the advertiser does not stop here. The very number of *Collier's Weekly* that contains this effective exposé of the editor, advertises "six per cent bonds by some company that invites banking by mail in Georgia"; "cigarettes coming from the most skillful Egyptian workmanship"; some kind of contrivance that "cures rheumatism of the feet, weak ankles and cramps of the toes"; promises "good salaries and office expenses to men of character," with no particulars as to the nature of the work. It advertises a particular "rye whiskey recommended to women"; "stammering cured by natural methods"; a food that will "cure sleeplessness"; a whole page display of a "sterilized beer" that "does not ferment on the stomach," whatever that may mean, and another full page advertisement of a food that makes the brawn of the rowing crew pictorially impressive; a food that "is perfectly adapted in form and material to every requirement of the human body, that is the purest and cleanest, most hygienic food in the world," etc.

Most of this kind of stuff stands self-convicted to the intelligent as a compound of deliberate falsity and commercial gall. Somebody has to pay for all this. Who is it? Certainly it is not the advertiser; it is the consumer. If it were possible to scrape off the cost of advertising and the wastage that comes from overproduction and the loss incident thereto from the necessities and the legitimate luxuries of life, there would be such a tremendous economic gain that there would be less excuse for the overworked and underpaid victims of modern commerce. What is all this talk about the study of political economy and the interest in social science in our colleges and universities worth if the academic fallacy, the ethical menace, the demoralizing power of the modern advertising system is not exposed in such a way that the humbug will be exploded and the lie laid low?

John Ruskin's contention still waits the enforcement of legislature, school and church—that the fundamental quest of political economy and social science should be to discover, expose and remedy the iniquities of the table, the wardrobe and the advertising column. Until the individual learns that he must eat and dress and do his business in obedience to the dictates of highest principles, individual and civic righteousness are impossible.

Our Tower Hill Letter.

"I've no business to go to Europe this summer!" said one of two friends who met by appointment in a big Chicago department store, that they might go together to secure tickets for the baggage and across seas. "Oh, dear!—Well"—and then followed a discussion of ways and means, wheres and whens, winding up with the heaven-born inspiration—"Let's go to Tower Hill for July!" "Let's." And so the "Hermitage" has had three occupants this July, none of whom knew very well what they were coming to.

The readers of UNITY who have been to Tower Hill and who have also known the Berkshires and the Connecticut valley of New England, will sympathize with the delight of the Yankee member of the trio at finding, so near to Chicago's smoke and eternal flatness, a corner of the world, own brother, though a bit smaller and less rugged, of her native hills and valleys.

And here the weary one finds rest like unto the rest of heaven. It is indeed the simple life, happy in its uneventfulness and still full of things which soothe and give strength to mind and body. Here in the lazy days before the summer school begins and before energy is accummulated for long walks in the woods one lies in her hammock all day long, listening to the birds and breezes, sniffing the sweet odors, drinking in the beauty of the sunlight, of the green of tree and field, the blue of sky and river, the purple of the distant hills flecked by passing cloud shadows, inviting the soul to loaf and store up sweet and beautiful impressions for the days to come. It isn't money only that one must needs lay up against a "rainy day." And what wealth there is at Tower Hill to draw from in providing for the days in the prison city, the glories of the sunsets whether one watches placidly from the screened-in porch of the Hermitage the dying light as it fades over the garden and the tree tops, or whether, more energetic, one mounts the hills to look down on the beautiful Wisconsin, dotted here and there with lonely little islands, all iridescent in the fires of the setting sun.

And then the flowers of the hill—dotting its forests and fields, and the songs of its birds, the glint of their wings. We never saw so many birds in our lives before and we never fail to scream with delight when a blue-bird like a scrap from the sky flashes by or an oriole darts down among the peas in the garden, and we fairly hopped up and down when a tanager came to call.

Others besides the oriole have visited the gardens this week, for one night as the three hermits—or nuns, rather,—for the Master of the Hill has long since concluded they were not typical hermits and dubbed them little sisters from the Nunnery instead,—wending their way home from the refectory heard unwonted sounds of revelry from the vicinity of their sequestered cloisters and came upon the Tower Hill children turned loose in the garden patch for a weeding contest. This contest, planned to last the whole week, is governed by rules of a most complicated nature. If a child weeds well a certain row and heaps his spoils at the end, he makes five points; some rows being more difficult than others are worth seven points; while the children of a larger growth are given handicaps. The prize article in view is that of diet ever dear to the heart of youth nor always scorned by age,—a dish of ice-cream. And Tower Hill ice-cream is worth weeding a garden for. Now by the disappearance of those weeds it looks as if some of the children would be in a position to claim several prizes and as the Master of the Hill has offered to double the awards, what do you think is likely to happen?

On Monday, July 17, the classes of the Summer School were opened in the Emerson Pavilion. Mr. Jones told us what the school had to offer, saying that the work in the Elder Religions of the world was fixed but in the other branches our choice was free. In the Literature Hour we could have Ruskin or Wordsworth or other of the masters, or we might make an anthology. Did we wish to make ourselves and Tower Hill famous by gathering together the indispensable short poems in English verse? It turned out afterward in a discussion behind the conductor's back that we did. So that the order of poetry for the next two weeks at least was to be a volume of the Bliss Carman Collection of great poems taken daily, the leader to go over a volume first, selecting those he thought of the most living worth, to which list we were to add or subtract, drawing upon the resources stowed away in our memories.

Miss Hatherell told us, too, that morning, of the paths open to us in the Nature work.

It had been announced that the insects of the Hill would occupy the attention of the students this season but we were all women and we didn't look altogether with favor on the "bugs." So Miss Hatherell said there were the mosses, the ferns, the trees and the flowers. Which branch would we choose? It developed that we all with one accord wished to know about the trees and the flowers and the mosses and the ferns! And it was finally settled that the science work should be the Flowering and Flowerless Plants. That seemed inclusive enough to satisfy all, and a few have gathered at half past eight eager to learn of the plant life of the hill. The newcomers discovered how much has already been done in naming the fungi, the ferns and the flowers. One morning of the week we spent an hour wandering over the hill and in our rounds identified more than forty plants and shrubs.

From ten to eleven we listen to Mr. Jones as he tells us of the religions of the Elder World, and an hour of breathless interest it is. We rather gasp when he handles those thousands of years as if they were weeks, and open our eyes in wonder when we have unrolled before us the civilizations and religious thought of the nations we have called heathen, and see in Egyptology and that newest and most fascinating science Assyriology the genesis of our own religious growth.

Like little children, as we are before the bigness of the subject, we repeat the text from George Eliot,

> "The soul of every man is widening toward the past.
> * * * * * * * *
> "He spells the record of his long descent
> More largely conscious of the life that was."

Tuesday and Wednesday were devoted to Egypt with our increased knowledge. The Pyramids and the Sphynx take on a great religious and spiritual significance which they never had before.

> "Deep love lieth under these pictures of time,
> They fade in the light of their meaning sublime."

Thursday began and Friday continued but did not complete the study of Assyria. We learned of the excavations and of some of the discoveries already made and in particular of the work now in progress by the University of Chicago at Bismya. Most interesting becomes the story of the Tower of Babel in the light of the unfolding history of a people whose day was earlier than that of the Hebrews.

At eleven or a bit after we relax and Mr. Jones says: "Now let's have some fun." We tell our favorite poems either in or out of the Bliss Carman Collec-

tion. Sometimes our leader reads them for us, and then we like them better than ever. How we shall cherish the memory of the reading of a bit from Bobby Burns or Tom Moore! Or when a special favorite of leader and reader, too, is selected, how the faces glow with satisfaction like those at an old-fashioned Methodist love feast! We are indeed at peace with ourselves and in love with the world.

The customary evening lectures have given way this year to more informal talks and readings, the first two of which it was announced would be from Ruskin. So at eight o'clock on Wednesday evening the bell summoned us to the Pavilion where after we had made ourselves comfortable Mr. Jones read to us from Ruskin's "Letters to the Clergy." There are just eleven short letters, each one written on a phrase of the Lord's Prayer. The volume contains besides, some of the commenting letters from English clergymen, for these Ruskin letters were sent to many of the English ministers and laymen, creating a sensation in the theological world. Few of the little audience that night were preachers, but each felt that the message was for her and was deeply glad to receive it.

Friday evening once more we gathered to our Ruskin reading, and this time our leader talked to us about what Ruskin stood for, besides reading us a bit from the letters to Charles Eliot Norton recently published.

The three sisters had a pleasure all their own on the Saturday afternoon when they drove to the Hillside School. There again they had not the faintest idea of what awaited them, though they had seen from afar the buildings perched on their beautiful hillside. The gracious welcome and warm hospitality proffered to three strangers will not be forgotten but will, we hope, be "passed on" to other wanderers. There on that lonely country spot one finds the realization of all one's dream of what school life should mean. Would that all city children might have a taste of this country school!

The Sunday vesper reading is the crowning glory of the week. When the bell rings at seven o'clock we gladly join the little groups wending their way from the cottages to the Pavilion where fresh flowers and ferns mark the first day of the week. Quietly we took our seats facing the declining sun on the Sunday evening which closed the first week of the summer school. There were added to the red in the west the warmth and glow from the logs burning in the great fireplace. We sang a hymn, after which we read responsively the Nineteenth Psalm, the leader from the Book, we from our memories. At least that is what we tried to do, but Mr. Jones told us at the end to go learn our nineteenth psalm and we would do it again next Sunday!

Then the leader read us a stately old Litany of the early part of the 13th century,—the liturgy-making time of the world,—and followed it with something modern,—"The Village Choir," by Benjamin Taylor, which forms a strong contrast to the first. After calling attention to their similarities and differences he read Whittier's "Meeting," and an extract from Emerson. We sang "Nearer My God, to Thee" and were dismissed with a benediction.

This chronicles the events of the evening, but the thoughts and feelings that come to the heart as one sits there looking at the glow of the sunset through the trees, listening to the words of the great and the wise can never be recorded. But you know that you are uplifted and feel God's blessing upon you.

These are just some of the things we have been doing this week. We hope you can read between the lines and imagine all the days have brought us of joy and health.

I believe it is Plato who says something like this: "The more thou learnest to know and to enjoy, the greater and more full will be for thee the joy of living." That expresses what these weeks at Tower Hill have meant to the three "sisters" at least. We know more and we have had great fields of future enjoyment opened up to us, and we are very grateful.

"THE NUNNERY."

Tower Hill, July 25, 1905.

I.

THE WILD CACTUS.

A Legend; written by a "Pilgrim" while crossing "the plains"—then "The Great American Desert"—in 1863.

The Devil discov'ring this region one day
  Claimed all the broad land for his mead
And, calling a halt in his up and down way
  He sent back to Hell for some seed,

Plow'd up the dry earth with hoof and with horn
  And sowed—dragging in with his tail—
Then sat down to wait for the infernal corn
  He thought would come up without fail.

But after some aeons of waiting in vain
  He hied him back home in disgust,
Loud swearing: *"The ash heaps of Hell without pain*
  For ranching beat alkali dust!"

Long after some Angels—a wandering band—
  Were gird'ling the Earth in their flight,
And passing this utterly desolated land
  Each shed a big tear at the sight;

When, lo! from each spot where a blessed drop fell
  Up sprang a strange plant in full flower—
A double—Exotic—stem clearly from Hell!
  The blossom from Heaven's own bower!

* * * * * * * * * * *

And now "as ye pilgrim" plods over this plain
  And meets the wild cactus he cries:
"Oh, Hell!"—as the thorns pierce his feet—but again—
  "Oh, Heav'n!" as the sweet flower he spies.

* * * * * * * * * * *

II.

THE BURBANK CACTUS.

(An appreciation by some writer, forty-two years later.)

Lo! now a new miracle! wrought by a man,
  A son of man—son of God too—
Who, watching and praying, caught on to a plan
  God worketh upon hitherto—

"And I work!" cries Burbank; and branch of "*The* Vine,"
  He toils with the Lord and is true.
Said Jesus the Christ: "Ev'n greater than mine
  The works my disciples shall do."

Behold the fulfillment! At touch of this hand
  Things barren bring forth, and from soil
Dead ashes and dust, 'neath the wave of this wand
  Spring fountains of wine and of oil!

He blesses the orchards: Straightway many fold
  And fairer the fruitage they yield!
Reversing the magic recorded of old,
  The withering trees he hath healed,

And thistles bear figs! The Cactus accurst
  His love-touch redeemeth from Hell,
Turns deserts to Edens, brings good out of worst—
  Hail! Servant of all! *It is well!*

—*Old Subscriber.*

Dear Editor: Editorial allusions in UNITY to Luther Burbank and his work, especially that in a recent issue, make me think it possible that you may care to publish the verses herewith enclosed, since you do publish many verses more remarkable for sentiment and moral suggestion than for artistic merit, don't you? (We plead guilty to the soft impeachment.—Eds.) Part I of this offering was written, as indicated, over forty years ago on challenge from two other poetasters in our train of ox wagons to write an effusion upon the strange plant wholly new to all of us and for days the most interesting, in fact, the only living thing in our sight. Some friends in the far west liked it, more pleased, I suspect, with the profanity than with the poetry thereof. Part II was written some months ago without thought of publication, in a letter to a friend who asked for a copy of the old verses. O. S.

The Tenth General Meeting of the Congress of Religion.

REV. JOHN FAVILLE'S REMARKS ON DR. BARTON'S PAPER, "THE SEAL OF AUTHORITY IN RELIGION."

I had no idea that this topic was coming on, therefore I had not the slightest idea of saying anything. There is no such thing as a final or infallible authority for us. I have been delighted with this paper because there was a great deal of heresy in it. I am anxious about these Congregational brethren; I once took it upon myself to try to wheel them into line.

There is no such thing as final or infallible authority. We can assume that God is such and that it is the best thing on earth that there is. The church, the Bible, the soul, the consciousness is not an infallible or final authority. It could not be that God could reveal himself in only one generation or two or a dozen in such a way that we could make no mistake in regard to each other. There is something immensely better—a search, a desire, a looking ever to foundations, that reality to the soul that makes the question of authority so great as it is.

As to the Coming Church, the Basis of its Authority,—we may say that the coming church will have in one sense as its authority, itself; the church is in some way an authority, also the Bible, religion, the human soul, Jesus of Nazareth. But the basis of any church authority must ever be the people, because the church is always the people; it is not the priest, not the creed, it is the people. That is the platform that this Congress of Religion stands on. The church is the people and the basis of authority will be what the people make it, all people, people who are thinking and striving after good; people who are opening their souls on every side to see what God has for them, will eventually bring out that which is an authority for them.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS OF REV. R. N. BELLOWS OF NEW YORK ON "THE RELIGIOUS RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE MIDDLE WEST."

We are attracted at once by the majestic strength of the walls and lines of this building; the four-square of them. Everywhere we look things are square, solid, founded on everlasting foundations. And so they typify, it seems to me, most admirably the strength of the foundations on which we may seek to find the religion of our times. Nothing could be better, more helpful, more hopeful, more suggestive than the beauty, simplicity and strength that surround us everywhere within these walls. I find myself wondering whether we could not have the simplicity, truth, honesty and all that and at the same time have some forms of nature which are not four-square, but equally beautiful. I refer to this because what we have to do in this western country or any part of our country is not merely to plant our religion upon true and honest foundations, but in doing this we have to do it not in the roughshod way in which we are sometimes content to do our work, but, to take a phrase from the President, "The West has got to be won," our task is the new winning of the West. That is the method, it seems to me, we liberals have yet to learn,—how to win people to our faith. How to argue them into it we understand admirably. How to talk them into it; how try to lead them into it; to show them volume on volume that goes to prove that our positions are irrefutable, beyond dispute,—all this we understand admirably well, but still people say, You are cold, hard; we do not feel drawn. We do not know what they mean, those of us who have been brought up in the faith. Some of us do not understand what those critics mean, but looking at it from the inside point of view, I do not find it difficult to understand and I think the criticism has in it enough of truth to warrant our consideration. What have we to give? Certainly we have to give the strength that lies in truth—the truth first, last and evermore. We have to speak the truth in life, and this is not always easy, when we see error dressed up as it often is, in fantastic shape and most meretricious colors, attracting people by the thousands and leading them directly away from the truth.

THE CHAIRMAN'S INTRODUCTION TO MRS. VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS' PAPER ON "THE COMING SOUTH."

In his Philosophy of History, Hegeler says our country is too young to have a history. We said, We have the east, the cities of the coast, then the Alleghany mountain civilization, between the Alleghany and the Rocky a vast population where we have the agricultural world; then we have the Rocky mountains and then the Pacific coast. We have been hearing about the Middle West; next Mrs. Thomas will say something to us about the Coming South, which is a great part of our country.

DISCUSSION OF MRS. THOMAS' PAPER BY MRS. SARAH D. BROWN OF CHICAGO.

Dear friends, this is the last place I expected to be today. I came on purpose to hear what Mrs. Thomas had to say of the new South. Of the old South I know something; I spent eighteen years of my life there a number of years ago. I have been in the South since it is called the "new South"; business compelled me to make one or two visits, and I found the face of the new South very much like that of the old, and of all I have heard from the new South the sentiment seems to me to be set to the tune of Old Lang Syne. I cannot see that the South has changed very much from what I knew of it thirty years ago. The conditions there seem to bring about some things that are inherited; I think the South will remain the South, and it will have to deal with itself as the South; there will be a North and a South for many years. Mrs. Thomas said it would be centuries before the black people of the South come to what we might call their own, and I think the South will be just as long as the black people are in coming. I do not look for any great change there. The hope of the black people is not in the South. I can speak freely from both sides; I am a white woman with some colored blood in me; I have sympathy with the black people; I know their sorrows; I know the independence and the ambition of the white people in the South, and in the South the black man will never come to his own; it will be infinitely long. The hope of the black man will be where it has ever been—in the North. We will not have segregation. Bring the black man into the North; let him come where for generations past he has been able to relate himself to the people around him. The southern people cannot speak for themselves; they do not understand themselves; their expressions have been colored by the environment they have had for generations. The black man will never accomplish much until he gets to that place where he is not repressed and where the people will let him see that he is one of themselves. There will always be class distinctions; he has in him just what is in the other man. We do want a new thought, a liberal thought, the thought of man's innate goodness and greatness, planted in the soul of the black man. He does not want book learning to tell him of what he is capable; he wants to know that he is made in the image and likeness of God; he wants to feel that until the black man comes to know that there is a spirit within him relating him to the great

spirit of the Almighty, he is not a man—not what he may learn or do—that is not the mighty burning question. It is what he is and how he thinks. The black man wants to find his freedom to know himself as the image and likeness of god.

MR. JONES' INTRODUCTION OF MRS. MACLEISH, WHO SPOKE ON "THE RELATION OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB MOVEMENT TO THE CHURCH."

At the close of the nineteenth century in attempting to estimate its significance I remember venturing the opinion that the two movements that would characterize the century in history most significantly were the movements known as the Labor Movement and the Woman's Club Movement. Two unexpected compacts which have brought their perplexities as well as their inspirations, which have brought dangers as well as opportunities, as every student of social conditions fully realizes. And so in shaping the program for this afternoon we have provided for a consideration of the perplexities that belong with one of these movements. Yesterday's program and last night's addresses gave us a realizing sense of the perplexities that have come with the other movement. This afteranoon Mrs. Andrew MacLeish of Glencoe, Illinois, who can speak from the inside with as much authority as any clear-minded woman, greatly engrossed on on the better side of the woman's club movement can, of the Relation of the Woman's Club Movement to the Coming Church.

MR. JONES' REMARKS AFTER MRS. MACLEISH'S PAPER.

This Congress extended an invitation to some ninety different women's organizations in and around Chicago to be present this afternoon to hear these questions discussed. This splendid audience is a type of it. "What you call 'Christian' I call 'Jew'," said the Nathan in Lessing's drama. What the essayist characterizes as the "Christian" church and its duties is equally applicable to the Jewish synagogue and its opportunities. I doubt not the essayist used the terms interchangeably, yielding to the habit of our thought and our times. In this presence we are inclined to prefer the word "religion" to the word "Christian," and extend the word "church" to cover all organizations committed to the higher life and to take in charge the spiritual interests of humanity. We welcome here representatives of synagogue and church, representatives of clubs of many kinds, a few representatives of men's clubs. The second essay, by Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, will be in the line of the consideration of this, but there are a few moments which can be given to further question, criticism or suggestion before we call for the next paper, which will undertake to outline the church which Mrs. MacLeish so clearly called for —a church that can and does or will challenge the best there is in the best of the women's clubs and give them a better opportunity to do the good work they are doing.

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND ON MRS. MACLEISH'S PAPER.

I think our speaker struck the keynote, but perhaps there is still another keynote, and that is that we are all looking to a time when there will be no men's clubs and no women's clubs; when there will be no Christian and no Jew, no Gentile, no Buddhist, no Parsee, but a universal family. I had the good fortune to be at the Sorosis organization. They were never to treat of anything political; they were to treat of literature, art and possibly science. Thirty years after I was in Sorosis, one of the guests of honor was E. C. Stedman, who stood for what that club had been growing to for thirty years—the equal recognition of women in every department of life. I believe that the women will not desert the church; that there will be no special need of women's clubs or of men's clubs to fill in the time. They will work together just as soon as women in the church and out of the church stand for equality, and that means the right to bear the responsibility not only of women but of citizens, and of equal responsibility with men in church, in state and in every department of life.

MR. GORTON'S REMARKS ON MRS. MACLEISH'S PAPER.

There are clergymen in this city who have denounced women's clubs as not only deleterious to the interests of the church but altogether evil. Now the simple thing we want to say is that the women's clubs gathering together the women of all the churches and many women outside of churches has resulted already in an immense broadening of the minds of the women in all the churches, consequently will result and is resulting in the broadening of the churches themselves; that is a most magnificent result, and the work is still going on.

One word in regard to the second address: I believe with the speaker that the great aim, the supreme purpose of the church is to be a teacher and a preserver of moral and religious truth. Today many churches are neglecting many interests that are not attended to in the community by the church or by anybody else. I believe that the church should take charge of the educational, literary, social, humanitarian or what not interests, that are not taken hold of and cared for by any one else; or that are done so indifferently. But I question whether it is well for the church to undertake to house and organize and carry forward a multitude of interests of this kind wherever these interests are better organized, better provided for and better carried on in the community.

DR. HIRSCH'S INTRODUCTION TO THE REPORT OF THE BUSINESS COMMITTEE.

In explanation of this it will be necessary to call attention to the fact that our General Secretary, Mr. Jones, is no longer in a position to carry the burden all alone. He has carried the burden of the Congress work for over ten years; he has done it in self-sacrifice, has gone to the boundary line of self-sacrifice. It is necessary that a younger man be chosen, possibly a young man yet in the making, though not necessarily one who is on the make—perhaps one connected with the university or some of the settlements; this young man to take up the burden and carry it under the general direction of Mr. Jones and the executive committee. Such a man must be remunerated for his time; this will entail the assumption of a financial obligation to the extent of fifteen hundred dollars a year. I personally will make myself responsible for the larger share of that sum, and I know that Mr. Jones is willing to assume also his full portion of that financial responsibility. Of course the executive committee will carry out your resolution. It is absolutely necessary that we should have a field secretary of this kind.

THE CHAIRMAN, AT THE BUSINESS MEETING.

DR. THOMAS:—It is a beautiful thing for the representatives of UNITY to send free copies with the sermons and addresses of this Congress. I want to say this to you—all these things cost money. I have no financial interest in that paper, but a great friendly interest. It is the organ of the Congress and we are planning now, I think, to have a special department for the Congress. We depend upon it in the time of these ses-

sions to give the news to our constituents everywhere. But it is not a large thing for you to subscribe for it. We ought to have ten names where we only have one. Think of this UNITY matter; it is really an able paper, and its friends ought to help extend its circulation and influence.

ECHOES FROM THE CONGRESS.

FROM E. P. POWELL: The Congress was a decided success. I do not remember precisely how we left the Cosmopolitans. That outlook seems very promising.

FROM ALVIN JONES, POLO, ILL.

Polo, June 5, 1905.

The dedication and congress was a success from start to finish. Powell gave us some hot shot, and Mr. Nelson impressed me as being the right man in the right place. Perhaps the thing which gave me (presumably) the keenest enjoyment was the little pew telephone. I could hear a speaker whisper on the platform. Wonders never will cease. Dr. Jordan's lecture on Japan was worth going a thousand miles to hear and I heard every word of it.

FROM C. C. WARREN, HINSDALE, ILL.

Mr. Gannett's sermon on "The Life of God in the Soul of Man," published in last week's UNITY, I think is the clearest analysis of sin and how to avoid it of any I have ever heard or read. It reminds one of President Eliot's recipe for the highest human development, viz., the wisest possible choice of which to do next, and then do it as best we can. I was speaking of it to a friend yesterday, and as a result of the conversation I inclose her subscription for UNITY. Please mail it to Lake Geneva until further orders.

My Own Shall Come to Me.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
  Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate
  For, lo! My own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
  For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
  And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
  The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
  Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
  I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
  And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
  The brook that springs in yonder heights.
So flows the good with equal law
  Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
  The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
  Can keep my own away from me.

—*Burroughs.*

Believe thou, O my soul,
Life is a vision shadowy of truth;
And vice and anguish, and the wormy grave,
Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire,
And lo! the throne of the redeeming God
Wraps in one light earth, heaven and deepest hell.

—*Coleridge.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

The thirty-fifth annual summer number of the *School Journal* is an ideal number, giving more emphasis to the school garden idea. This magazine has devoted itself to educational reform, and deserves very general patronage.

The *Atlantic* for July continues Mrs. Sherwoods, and gives us a rattling good analysis of the express company question. Nothing better has recently appeared than an essay by Henry Dwight Sedgwick on The Mob Spirit in Literature. The short stories are poor stuff.

I think you will be pleased with Bushido, the Soul of Japan—an exposition of Japanese thought, by Prof. Inazo Nitobe; also published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The book is intensely interesting as a study of national character. I have not seen as good a book on Japan before.

I sincerely hope that you are all reading the astounding series of articles on Masters and Rulers of the Freemen of Pensylvania, published month by month in the *Arena*. In the July number you will also find several other articles that you cannot safely dispense with as a public and broad-minded citizen. I am inclined to think it to be the best number of this magazine ever published.

Two Moods of a Man, by Horace G. Hutchinson, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. This book is worse than the preceding—a dreary moral muddle; as near an impossibility as the position of a stone on the edge of a precipice. So far as I have looked through it there is not a really sweet good line on the book. Of the two moods of the man, both are equally uncommendable, and it is no wonder that the characters die off with about the same sweet hope as chickens and cats.

The Garden of Allah, by Robert Hichens, is published by Frederick A. Stokes Co. The author while sketching Nature with a free hand, constantly gives us an interpretation that is unnatural. The charm of simplicity is everywhere lacking. Here is a sample of psychological extravagance: "When you touched me that day it was as if you were giving me the world and the stars." The dramatic spirit dominates everywhere; and it is that sort of drama which we can get along without.

Justin Wingate Ranchman is a thoroughly interesting novel by John H. Whitson, and published by Little, Brown & Co. Curly, by Roger Pecock, is also published by the same house. The latter is by a long ways the more original of the two books. It is a story of the Arizona desert. There is so much strength, simplicity and essential honesty, truth and purity in the book, that it has a good excuse for appearing in this day of overcrowded literature. It illustrates cowboy life from a standpoint that will do no one any harm, and it has done me good. In Justin Wingate there is an undertone of sensuality that is not wholesome, although Wingate is himself a fairly good fellow. In Curly outlawry does not carry with it anything gross, and leaves the atmosphere sweet for the reader.

Now I come to a novel that is well worth the buying, The Little Hills, by Nancy Huston Banks, published by Macmillan Co. There is in this book a great deal of sweetness and truth. I do not agree with the Balzac tribe that all a novelist has to do is to describe life —indifferent as to what that life is or the effect on the reader. Every novel should be an ethical force, just as much as every man should be. *Political Science Quarterly,* for June, has a startling article on the disadvantages of a Rigid Constitution. We have been so accustomed to considering our written constitution as the supremest document in the world, and incomparably better than the unwritten constitution of England, that we shall hardly be ready to agree with the writer. Another very valuable article is on the Sewage Farms of Berlin; showing the advantages of this system of getting rid of the sewage waste of a huge city. The article ought to be read by everybody, as a preparatory step to better sanitation for the congested crowds. E. P. POWELL.

Book Notices*

[1]*On Becoming Blind.* This book is perhaps unique of its kind. It is the serious advice of one who had sight and lost it, to such who are losing vision and facing permanent blindness. Written in French, it has been well translated. Dr. Javal emphasizes the importance to the blind of knowing how to help himself, how to be fairly independent. He gives curious and useful suggestions in regard to care of one's self, dress, conduct at table, movement from place to place, telling time, traveling, occupations, and many other matters. The book is interesting reading for various reasons. Primarily practical and addressed to the use of those who are becoming blind and their friends, it gives a glimpse into a peculiar psychic condition and suggests a variety of usually unconsidered problems.

[2]*Essays in Puritanism.* Nowadays essays, serious in matter and carefully wrought in form, are, alas, rare. The book before us is a volume of such essays. Five in number, each deals with a person who exemplified the spirit of Puritanism. They "were first read before a company of artists who had the traditional antipathy of their class toward the spirit of Puritanism." "The persons to whom these pieces were addressed were of the opinion that Jonathan Edwards manifested the spirit of Puritanism in the pulpit; that John Winthrop showed that spirit at work in the world; that Margaret Fuller's career was the blind striving of the artistic sense for expression; that Walt Whitman's conduct was a revolt against the false conventions that had grown up in this world; and that John Wesley endeavored to make religion useful to humanity once more." It would be rather interesting, even so, to know whether the essays lessened the traditional antipathy. They are, in any event, remarkable analyses and studies. They present the real humanity of their subjects in a new light. Old John Winthrop and John Wesley emerge rather happily; poor Margaret Fuller and Jonathan Edwards are less fortunate. Each and all, the essays are delightful reading, full of suggestiveness and literary humor, often sarcastic, but rarely cruel. And though we may not agree with all points made, we are thankful for them all.

[3]*Algonquin Indian Tales.* No one knows the Algonquin Indians of Central Canada better than the Rev. Egerton R. Young, missionary for many years, first among the Northern Crees and later among the Salteaux. Mr. Young is a most interesting speaker, and thousands have heard him, with breathless attention, when he has spoken of the Indians and the far North country. On one occasion, after he had spoken to a vast audience for more than two hours, his hearers would not permit him to stop, but for another hour, listened to his narrative of work and travel. In eight previously issued books he has introduced the public to his work and to the home life of the Indians, among whom he has labored. In this new book he presents an interesting collection of Salteaux stories. These are simply and directly told. The two children of the missionary, abnormal children indeed—at once unduly precocious and unduly inexperienced—are the hearers to whom the Indian story tellers confide their legends. The machinery is a little loose jointed, but the stories are real. There are already books of Algonquin tales, but this is perhaps the first serious collection from the Salteaux. The tales are, of course, much like those of kindred tribes. Many of them deal with the culture hero, Nanaboozhoo: many explain why things are as they are—why the raccoon's tail is ringed, why bees have stings, why the kingfisher has a white collar, etc. The stories are rendered accurately enough to be of value to the ethnologist and are yet simply enough told to attract and please the general reader.

[4]*Thoughts of a Fool.* Of course, the name of this book gives an immediate clue to its content. It is a cry of protest, earnest and heartfelt. The fool is a woman, though Evelyn Gladys is not her name, and the woman thinks and feels and dares to speak. Not that she thinks, or feels, or speaks, nearly as much, or boldly, or originally, as she believes. It is the lot of those who write such books to think that they have a brand-new message, a revelation to the world. But there are more who think and reason than get credit for it. It is a sad comment on our social condition that he who utters protest feels compelled to masquerade as *fool,* in order to escape martyrdom, seeking refuge behind a pretense. In the book before us our fool struggles against convention—religious, social, governmental. She wants freedom—in thought, in speech, in life, in love. She wishes to call a spade a spade. She has ideas of sex and love and marriage, and expresses them. She rebels against an education that cramps, social requirements that crush, at a government that represses. She wishes to tear off all masks, so that men may see each other face to face. And she thinks all this is new! The fool says many things that are clever and bright, strong and true; but she also indulges in many commonplaces. She is at her worst, when she drops into allegory—her allegories *are* dreadful; she is at her best when she speaks directly to the point. Her book is not dangerous; it may be stimulating. FREDERICK STARR.

Understood.

I value more than I despise
My tendency to sin,
Because it helps me sympathize
With all my tempted kin.

He who has nothing in his soul
That links him to the sod,
Knows not that joy of self-control
Which lifts him up to God.

And I am glad my heart can say,
When others trip and fall
(Although I safely passed that way),
I understand it all.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

[1]*On Becoming Blind.* Emile Javal. The Macmillan Co., New York. 1905. 16mo, pp. xiv., 191.
[2]*Essays on Puritanism.* Andrew MacPhail. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. 1903. 16mo, pp. 339.
[3]*Algonquin Indian Tales.* Egerton R. Young. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, Toronto. 1903. 16mo, pp. 258.

[4]*Thoughts of a Fool.* Evelyn Gladys. E. P. Rosenthal & Co., Chicago and London. 1905. 16mo, pp. 258.

Among the Exchanges.

The National Daily Review, published in Chicago, at $1.00 a year, "a journal of timely information and verified news for the American people," fills a long felt want, offering a clean, reliable sheet, free from sensationalism, padding and vicious or objectionable matter. It contains in condensed form the substance of the world's news. The issue now before us contains a reprint of an article in *Public Opinion* for July 8, "A New Force in Daily Journalism," by Grant White, a word of approval for the clean newspaper to which we heartily assent. To cleanse our newspapers from their rottenness, their cheap sensationalism, their bulk of useless local gossip, and their pandering to the worst elements of society, would go a long way towards the redemption of social life. We are glad to add our word of tribute to *"The White Daily."* D.

"When all thy soul with city dust is dry,
Seek some green spot where a brook tinkles by—
But, if thy lot deny thee nook and brook,
Turn to fresh thoughts in a fresh, leafy book."

One almost hears the waves "lap, lapping on" the fishing rocks of Kingston, Massachusetts, in the photogravure frontispiece of the *New England Magazine* for July. The quiet peace of the secluded little cove rests one's eye and soul even in the imagination, and one follows up the broken coast line with a feeling of relief and pleasure if one is shut within walls and streets. The quaint little village of Kingston, with its old landmarks, fragrant with traditions and memories, is picturesquely described in an article by Ethel Hobart. The camera has somehow caught the atmosphere of the place, and "Summer Street," where the old trees cast long afternoon shadows over the winding stillness of the village street, is really in tune with the heart of summer.

"You can wander by a certain grassy lane, through marshes and pastures warm with the sunshine and sweet with ineffable fragrance of mingled bayberry and wild rose. To your left the river winds in and out, doubling and re-doubling on itself through the marshes. Near its mouth is a rocky pasture hill where a few cedar trees are growing, and through the pastures grow high blueberry bushes that turn in October to a wonderful plum purple. You see a beautiful stretch of quiet rustic country, but one might be fifty miles from the sea. Then suddenly the lane ascends a little, you find yourself standing on a little rise, and lo there is the harbor stretching before you, like some dream come wonderfully true."

We may carry the summer in our hearts wherever we may be—lapping waves and the deep forest, and the wayside hedges and sweet briar, fragments of the Eternal Beauty, bringing to us peace in the midst of unrest, answering to the chance suggestion of printed or pictured page or moments of meditation.

"A thing of Beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and quiet breathing."

The July issue of *Fellowship,* the forceful and inspiring little paper that represents the movement of the same name at Los Angeles, California, under the pastorate of Benjamin Fay Mills, contains an extract from Mr. Mill's sermon on "The Fellowship Spirit," delivered at Belasco Theatre, Sunday, June 25th. The aims of *Fellowship* are the aims of the noble and free-souled everywhere. It is indeed a warm, living, helpful, human fellowship, this little independent society on the Pacific Coast. We quote the abstract of Mr. Mills' sermon:

THE FELLOWSHIP SPIRIT.

I. The Fellowship Spirit is the Eternal Spirit. This organization was born not of flesh and blood, nor of the will of man. No man or men said, "Go to, let us build a tower reaching unto heaven." It was born of God, of Wisdom and Power beyond the consciously human. Hundreds of men and women whose hearts yearned for a genuine spiritual fellowship met one another and this organization was born.

II. The Fellowship Spirit is the Modern Spirit. We do not preach against the Jews, nor live we the reflected virtues of the early Christians. To us the Gospel for to-day is a gospel for to-day, and we mean to

"Act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'er-head."

III. The Fellowship Spirit is the Optimistic Spirit. We believe with Dr. Gordon, the eminent Congregational minister of Boston, that "If God shall succeed, universal salvation will be the result." Like Palladius, dismissing his scholars, we say to one another and to all men, "My friends, be cheerful! Forget not, I beseech you, to be cheerful!"

IV. The Fellowship Spirit is the consecrated Spirit. To consecrate is to make sacred, to live by the higher rather than the lower principles of man, to identify one's self with the spirit, rather than the flesh. A bank forger, who died last week, wrote, "I did it because of my whiskey-soul," a tendency to the sensual life. But we mean to set our affections on things above and live the life of the nobler human nature.

V. The Fellowship Spirit is the Helpful Spirit. We say each with Lincoln, "Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower, where I thought a flower would grow."

VI. The Fellowship Spirit is the Truthful Spirit. We believe in the unity philosophy; there is but one and that one is everywhere. Events and people and our own divine selves can be trusted. Evil exists only in appearances and by trust we can see beyond appearances and behold the Blessed Reality. Suffering is prolonged and given a power it does not possess by resisting it and labelling it "evil." We ought to love all kinds of "enemies" and they would be transferred into benefactors. As Marcus Aurelius said, "It is well to die if there be gods and sad to live if there be none."

VII. The Fellowship Spirit is the Unselfish Spirit. Unselfishness is a form of trust and is more than performing unselfish deeds. It is to truly will to withdraw the personal element in activity and to be purely a lover and giver. To know that this is our business here and to do it. It does not so much matter whether we are well or sick, rich or poor, but it does make an eternal difference whether we are lovers. "Where love is, there God is also." If we had a creed we might well express it in these words:

"WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO."

In Fellowship of living things,
In kindred claims of man and beast;
In common courtesy that brings
Help from the greater to the least;
Is love that all life should receive,
Lord, we believe!

In peace, earth's passions far above,
In pity measured not or priced,
In all souls luminous with love,
Alike in Buddha and in Christ,
In any rights that wrong retrieve,
Lord, we believe!

In truth that falsehood cannot span,
In the majestic march of laws,
That weed and flower and worm and man
Result from one Supernal Cause,
In doubts that dare and faiths that cleave,
Lord, we believe!

"The Holiness of Holidays," by Rev. James Mudge, D. D., in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of July 19 is a word appropriate to the season on the value of holidays to the physical and so to the spiritual man, and on what the ideal holiday should be:

Not without deep meaning is the close connection in our English speech between holiness and health. Holy, whole, hale are one in structure and spirit. God hath joined them together, though man too often has essayed to put them asunder. There is a similar lesson in the bond of derivation which unites integer and integrity. Man is properly a unit,

not (except for temporary convenience of examination) to be split up into separate parts. Fractional treatment of him fails to meet the vital necessities of the case. Each fragment or section of his being is so closely, indissolubly linked with the others that no one can be impaired without impairing all, no one helped without helping the rest. The apparent hiding of God's face has often come from the derangement of bodily functions, and the true prescription for many spiritual maladies would be not more prayer, but more air. Cleanliness is veritably a part of godliness; he who frees himself from all filthiness of the flesh will find his spirit in better condition. Moral and physical purity are closely allied. Holiness is not merely spiritual, it pertains to the entire man. The most subtle and the most transcendent parts of a man's profoundest life are inextricably interwoven with the texture of his muscles, and the very marrow of his bones. He thinks well, loves well, prays well because of the red corpuscles of his blood. If the harp of his nervous system is out of tune how can the psalm of his days be played other than poorly? This has been far too much forgotten. Only when it is duly remembered can it be clearly seen how close is the bearing on holiness of heart held by holidays and vacations.

But the holidays are not only periods of recreation; they have their temptations and their bearings upon the moral life of the individual. Even more than the work days they reveal the weakness or strength of his character:

So much is very certain that such periods of leisure furnish a keener test of a man's real character than the times when he is busy. In the latter he is so hemmed in and bound about by custom and necessity that he has little opportunity for entire freedom of choice, or for showing what he really is. In the former he has much more initiative and the way he uses it reveals quite plainly his comparative wisdom or foolishness.

The true holiday has its spiritual side and becomes, in truth, a holy day:

That holidays may be so managed as to augment holiness, or, in other words, tend to the enrichment and strengthening of character, no one can doubt. The possibilities in this line are very great, and hence the responsibilities. For one thing, what a chance they furnish, or should furnish, to study God's works, and so come closer to the Creator. Where the mountains tower grand and grim, where the dark forests stretch their hospitable arms, where the dancing river leaps and laughs, where the daisies and buttercups besprinkle the green fields, where the moonbeams chase each silver wave over the blue bosom of the unresting sea, where the many-twinkling smile of gray old ocean greets the enraptured gazers, let the tired denizen of the fretful city drink a full cup of delight. Let him forget the pell-mell rush of the maddened crowd, abjure newspapers, if not books, and give himself up to the healing balm of trees and flowers and birds. Let him look into the heavens, and meditate on the deep things of God and the soul. Under the calmly conscious stars, on the wide moor, among the eternal hills, in the secluded farmhouse, at the quiet beach, he will find a peace which will go far not only to recuperate his exhausted energies and renew his wasted nerves, but also to increase his acquaintance with the heavenly Friend. The Holy One will come to him in the tides and the torrents, the valleys and the vineyards, the rocks and the rivers. He will also get acquainted with himself. In the bewildering maze of appointments and engagements, in the hurry and worry of this frenzied, breathless modern life, we have but little time to think, and almost none to worship.

The holiday may be made a dissipation of energy, a relaxation of moral fiber, a listless waste of time, or it may be made a source of strength, physical and spiritual for the work-days to come. R. P. D.

This beautiful external nature, these still waters, these majestic hills, I have not been worthy of them. Where was the peace of mind, where the greatness and tranquillity, where the noble, free, useful activity which all Nature symbolizes? Not in me! not in me! or only for an instant. On my best hours such little thoughts, such little cares intruded. I have flowed weak as water. Any straw could turn me. A jest, a look, a laugh, has thrown trouble into my soul; a pain, a lassitude, a sick and morbid feeling, has changed the current of a whole philosophy. We would be gazing upward and around at some divine spectacle—gazing with calm and dilated souls—and lo! there is ever some thorn in the sandal we must first stoop to extract.

THORNDALE.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Rest your head, childlike, on the one visible arm of the Paternal Deity, though you cannot see distinctly where the other and outstretched arm is pointing.

MON.—In truth the earth grows more beautiful as we grow better and wiser.

TUES.—I never could look long upon the stars, and not feel that I claimed some kindred with the infinite and eternal. Oh, yes! believe it! there is an eternal life within us. It will burn on!—it is akin to the stars.

WED.—Your religion is framing your social habits; your social habits are framing your religion.

THUR.—It is by doing our best under the existing state of things that we shall work out a better. It is by improving our own present system, that we create the nobler system that is to follow.

FRI.—Lo! We are already amongst the stars! God is here too! The Eternal and the Infinite!—behold they are around us!

SAT.—How not believe in Him? I believe in Him as I believe in the human voice I hear. If the Divine Voice does not fall upon my outward senses, I hear it in my soul.

William Smith, "Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions." (1858).

The Home Light.

The light of home's a wondrous light,
So tender is its shining,
So soft it follows through the night,
Our weary road outlining.
Though lonely and for years we roam,
Far from the ones who love us,
Yet ever shines the light of home,
Like God's grace spread above us.

The light of home's a wondrous light,
Through life it follows, seeming,
Yet when with age the hair is white,
Clear in the front 'tis gleaming.
It shines from where our loved ones are,
Oh, this is Love's divining!
And through the gates of heaven ajar
At last we see it shining.

—*Maxwell's Talisman.*

Of Irish Descent.

Jacob Olinski was in love, very much in love.

The name of the radiant being upon whom his affections were centered was Emmarita Maguire. Emmarita was pink and white, with golden curls and eyes of that particular shade of blue which is so enticing to man.

From the day she had first appeared in the Third Grammar, in immaculate and stiffly-starched white Jacob had experienced flutterings of the heart, which grew daily more unbearable.

Jacob was dark and not overly inclined to practice that time-honored virtue which ranks next to godliness.

What though his hands were not of the cleanest nor his clothes of a fashionable cut? He fancied that he was making an impression, for Emmarita, the immaculate, smiled upon Jacob the unwashed, even as she had smiled upon the innumerable other suitors for her favor.

It was an easy matter for Jacob to place votive offerings upon the shrine of his love, for her desk was just across the aisle. In a week's time he had run the full gamut in the scale of devotion, according to the written standard of Third Grade love.

Pencils and gumdrops, damp with the ardor of perspiring palms, tokened something more than passing interest. And who can defy the full significance of a red candy fish which bounces on a rubber string?

Emmarita received the gifts of Jacob with coy looks of maidenly reserve, which filled his heart was bashful rapture.

Spelling in the Third was a study of primary importance, and class marks were worked for with an enthusiasm born of Miss White's efforts.

To attain the dignity of having one's name inscribed upon the blackboard in pink chalk among the names of those who attained a head mark was an honor worth striving for by the sweat of one's brow.

The candidate for such an honor was expected to "keep head" for three successive days. Emmarita had held the place for two, and today's lesson was to be the decisive one.

The spelling class stood at attention. There remained but one more work, and the teacher paused for a moment to bestow a smile of encouragement upon Emmarita, who stood waiting her turn with some trepidation.

The lesson was an unusually hard one, and even rope-jumping at recess had to be abandoned.

"Mississippi,' gave out the teacher, in calm and even tones.

"M-is," began Emmarita, then paused. She who hesitates is lost, and with the pause her erstwhile glibness departed and courage oozed from her.

"Go on," said the teacher, encouragingly. Even as DeSoto, Emmarita started bravely out to accomplish the tortuous windings of the "Father of Waters," but with less success than fell to the lot of her famous predecessor.

The entire class gazed sorrowfully at her. "Next," said the teacher. Whether through a sense of gallantry or ignorance, Sammy Abelson hopelessly "pied" the formidable word and down the line it went.

Jacob, at the far end, stood rapidly revolving in his mind two sides of a momentous question. Whether to miss and by so doing assist Emmarita to a head mark, since with his success or failure lay her fate, or to win the teacher's approbation and gain the place at the head of the class, was hard to decide.

Even as he hesitated in favor of the former course the teacher's "Next" was addressed to him, and before he realized it he was spelling the word. Between the Scylla of "s's" and the Charybdis of "p's" Jacob safely steered his way, and the teacher's voice, coming as from a great distance, said in a relieved tone, "You may go up, Jacob."

Emmarita's blonde head went down upon her arm and her tears flowed copiously.

The fruits of ambition turned bitter in Jacob's mouth and his heart swelled within him at the pain his idol suffered. He shyly placed one grimy little hand apologetically upon the arm of Emmarita. Then it was that Jacob eat of the tree of knowledge and learned that blue eyes may blaze with all the intensity of scorn and hatred.

"Get away, dirty old Jew!" hissed Emmarita as she lifted for a moment her wrathful and tear-stained countenance. Jacob's arm dropped like lead. He flushed painfully and meekly bowed his head. It was a recrudescense of a habit of his progenitors, who brooked insult through inability to punish.

But the words had reached the ear of Miss White. Quick to defend the downtrodden, she felt the rise of righteous anger.

"Emmarita," she said sternly, "come here!"

The weeping maiden came forward and her sobs began afresh.

"I heard you say something very, very naughty to Jacob just now and I want you to ask his pardon," said Miss White.

Inarticulate sounds proceeded from the bent arm of Emmarita, which were construed as an apology by the teacher.

"And now," proceeded Miss White, "let me say once and for all I never want to hear of you using such ugly language again to any of the Jewish children—in school or out." She paused for a moment, then said gently, "Emmarita, have you forgotten that Jesus was a Jew?"

For an instant the horrified gaze of Emmarita met the teacher's grave eyes.

A breathless silence pervaded the room. "I don't believe it!" said Emmarita, stoutly.

"Ask your mamma, my dear," said Miss White, leading Emmarita to her seat, "and tell me what she says tomorrow."

The incident passed from the minds of the Third for the time being.

Not so with Jacob, however. That evening, as he wended his way home, sadder, if wiser, Emmarita defiantly sang:

> "I had a piece of pork,
> And I stuck it on a fork,
> And gave it to a curly-headed Jew, Jew, Jew!"

It was the last straw, and Jacob's cup of bitterness was filled to overflowing.

She was to be to him henceforth a thing to be shunned as the plague, and he was done with the machinations of the little blind god forever.

It was during the opening exercises on the following morning that the principal appeared before Miss White with a slightly flurried countenance.

"Mrs. Maguire," she said, "wishes to see you at once. Something about Emmarita, I think, and a remark she says you made to the child."

The teacher looked in amazement. "I can't imagine——" she began, and then in a flash she recalled the incident of yesterday's spelling class.

"Emmarita is absent this morning," she said.

"Never mind; go forth and meet the enemy," said the principal, kindly, "and if necessary send for me. I'll take the class until you return."

It was an antagonist of formidable appearance that Miss White encountered in the principal's office.

Wrath sat upon the red and rotund countenance of Mrs Maguire and the very flowers on her bonnet quivered with the suppressed rage of their somewhat corpulent owner. Her foot beat a tattoo upon the floor.

"This is Mrs. Maguire, is it not?" said Miss White, with her pleasantest smile, as she extended her hand. "I am Emmarita's teacher."

Mrs. Maguire glared and did not take the proffered hand.

"Tachyer, is it," she said, "an' it's a foine wan ye are! To think of me sendin' my child to the likes of ye. Ye're the wan as is afther puttin' sich haythin notions in the lam's head!"

"I have not put heathen notions into Emmarita's head," said the teacher, indignantly. "If you mean that I have corrected her for using insulting language to one of my little Jewish boys, who is a dear, then I have most certainly done that.'

"An' what," said Mrs. Maguire, explosively, "is it but haythin to till me child that the blissed Lard Jaysus was a Jew? I'll have none of thim dirthy Protestant idees stuck in her head. This very day I'll take her an' send her to the convint, where I tuk her from. Jaysus a Jew!" she snorted. "As if ivery good Cath-

olic—the saints presarve thim—didn't know that the blissed Lord was Irish to the backbone, an' proud av it!"

And she departed in the majesty of her wrath, leaving the teacher speechless.—*Blanche Goodman in New Era.*

A Messenger.

Little Jack by the seaside stands,
  Watching the setting sun.
He runs to the beach at eventide,
  For his day of play is done.

His father has gone to the China seas,
  For a cruise of a year and more;
And little Jack is left behind,
  On the edge of Long Island shore.

He kisses his hand as the sun sinks down,
  And murmurs a message low:
"When you shine on father to-morrow morn,
  Just tell him Jack says 'Hello.'"

"Supper is ready," the black nurse calls.
  Jack answers, "I can't come, Dinah;
The sun has a message to give to dad—
  I'll wait till he gets to China."

The August St. Nicholas.

"Had Rather."

This quotation from a review of a book of collected editorials from the New York *Sun* may be a comfort to some of us who never can say "would rather" without a stumble.

The *Sun* is nothing if not colloquial. It loves to be a trifle slangy, and it hates the dictionary and grammar. As witness:

About once a year we explain, with a weary and hopeless spirit, but for the sake of the truth, that "had rather" is a perfectly sound and kind phrase, of the best usage, old and new, straight as a string, and long accustomed to the best society in the English language. About once a week we get a letter like this:

To the Editor of the Sun—*Sir:* Had rather be governor (*Sun,* this morning). Can you parse that? Thousands of grammarians hang on your reply.

New York, February 8. R. H. T.

Well, the sight of thousands of grammarians hanging would be some comfort to us, and to the rest of mankind. "Can you parse that?" Notice the undertone of expectant triumph. We can parse it, but why should we want to parse it, O victim of thousands of grammarians? Does the English language exist for the sake of being "parsed" by a gang of grammarians who itch to breech it if it "won't parse"? Is English literature a vast parsing book?

Plenty of persons think so; and when they get hold of a good idiom, and can not explain it by rule of thumb, they sniff at it, say it "won't parse," call it an error, and warn the world away from it. Before his soul was lost to grammarians, did our correspondent never read in Psalms—

"I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

And the *Sun* goes on to cite numerous similar examples.—*The Argonaut.*

My heart leaps up when I behold
  A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So it is now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
  Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

William Wordsworth.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

Peace Efforts in the Middle Ages.—Apropos of the coming Peace Congress at Lucerne, it is interesting to note an article in the *Signal de Genève* recalling what the Middle Ages did for peace.

The feudal régime, it says, seems to us like the flowering of barbarism and brutality in Europe. Nevertheless, from some of its long-forgotten institutions what lessons of humanity our modern nations, and our churches, so undisturbed in face of the great wrongs of the present time, might draw. Note, for instance, what were known as the *peace* and the *truce* of God.

The former (*pax Dei*) was a general and permanent interdiction of any hostile act against non-combatants, intended to protect the weak. The "truce of God" (*treuga Dei*) was the interdiction of any deed of war during specified days or periods. The church early sought to make the peace of God prevail in Christendom, primarily to protect churchmen and their property. All persons other than the belligerents, that is, the secular clergy, monks, women, pilgrims, peasants, merchants, hunters and fishers pursuing their calling, etc., were respected, as well as all that belonged to them.

Most of the great councils of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, especially those of Elne (1027), Norbonna (1054), and Clermont (1095) made mention of the peace and of the truce of God. Royalty, which often intervened between contesting nobles, assured the maintenance of the peace.

Provisions regulating the truce date from the end of the tenth century; from the beginning all holy-days were forbidden days for private wars. In honor of Sunday four whole days (from Wednesday evening to Monday morning) were denied to belligerents every week, as well as several consecutive weeks during each of the great liturgical seasons: Advent, Lent and Easter. To facilitate the observance of these prescriptions, leagues of the peace were formed between clergy, nobles and villeins, with a militia of preservers of the peace (*paciarii*) forming a real mounted rural police.

The truce of God was soon adopted throughout nearly the whole of Christendom. In fact, such progress was made in the direction of pacification that there was even an attempt at formulating a universal peace (the Mouzon conference in 1023).

A Swiss historian, F. de Gingins, tells how the truce of God was proclaimed in those regions. It was sworn to with the greatest solemnity for a term of seven years at the council of Vardun (1030) by all the nobles and knights of the laity present. To insure the observance of it the archbishop of Lyons required hostages and threatened with excommunication all violators of the sworn peace and all who should refuse, after a very brief interval, to conform to it.

Toward the end of the year 1036 the bishop of Lausanne assembled in the meadow of Montriond, below Lausanne, the prelates of the kingdom of Burgundy. The archbishop of Vienne and Besancon, their suffragans, including the bishops of Basel, Belley, Geneva, Maurienne, Sion, etc., betook themselves thither by order of the pope. They were accompanied by a multitude of knights and nobles sated with war and anarchy and disposed at last to enjoy peace.

Clothed, like the other prelates, in his sacerdotal robes, the bishop of Lausanne occupied the summit of the hill of Montriond, surrounded by the chief lords, whose armor glittered in the rays of the sun; an immense throng covered the

plain; all were waving green branches and crying, "*Pax! Pax! Domine!*"

The bishop replied to the acclamations of this multitude by raising toward heaven his pastoral cross, witnessing to the pact concluded in the sight of the living God, and he pronounced the formular of the oath in these words:

"Hear, Christians, the pact of peace. You swear not to attack the church, nor the clergy, nor the inoffensive monk; not to carry away that which legitimately belongs to him; not to sieze the villager, man or woman, nor the serf, nor the traveling merchant; you will neither extort from them nor maltreat them. You promise not to burn huts or castles unless you find your enemy there mounted and fully armed; not to burn or rack the harvests and the fruits of the earth; not to take away the laborer's ox or horse from the plow, and that you will not injure him.

You will not hire a thief known to be such, nor will you protect the man who is a violator of the sworn peace. You will respect the sacred asylum granted to altars and the immunity of the church.

Finally, you will not attack your enemy, armed or unarmed, during the time consecrated to the truce of God."

The nobles and knights swore upon the Holy Bible the observance of this pact, and their oath was repeated with transports of joy by the multitude. The assembly then proceeded to the giving of hostage; lastly, before separating, it listened to the lull of excommunication launched against all who should infringe the sworn peace.

The peace proclaimed at Montriond was prolonged so as to cover three-quarters of the year.

By way of contrast with the medieval procedure we may note the new international fraternal organization *Fraternitus inter gentes*, founded by Sir Thomas Barclay, ex-president of the British chamber of commerce at Paris.

In an interview given to a representative of the *Daily Express*, Sir Thomas says that the aim of this movement is the establishment of an association of citizens having such influence that when an international conflict threatens to break out they can bring effective pressure to bear on the different governments.

It will not be, he says, a sentimental organization. On the contrary, it will be of an active, positive character, and will have nothing to do with politics. In France about 90,000 members are already enrolled, all voters. It will be seen that if occasion arises we can use our influence in favor of peace; we have the means for doing so.

During the next few weeks we expect to make advances to all the present existing peace societies in England, France, Germany and the United States, with a view to inducing those societies to enroll themselves under our banner. If we succeed, we shall have, almost from the beginning, a million members. There will be no dues; we only ask members to pay 25 cents, the price of the society's badge, a blue and gold button bearing the letters F. I. G., but the balance in our hands after delivering the buttons will suffice to give us funds for the support of the movement. Members will pledge themselves simply to do their utmost to encourage good will and sentiments of friendship between their compatriots and the citizens of other countries.

It would seem probable that we shall have something of this movement at Lucerne. M. E. H.

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